

Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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THE SHEPHERDESS.

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THE PASSING OF THE SHEEP.

At a very early hour one morning, in Florence, I lay half asleep, when the bleating of a sheep brought me quickly to my senses, and I remembered to have heard that at this season the shepherds come down from the mountains with their flocks, to take them to the warmer plains below. So I hastily aroused the sleeping children, who only needed the word "lambs" to make them broad awake, and we flew to the windows, and lo! what a sight was there.

The whole street and sidewalk below, as far as we could see in either direction, was filled with a moving mass. Hundreds and thousands of sheep and lambs; flocks following each other in quick succession, with only room enough between for the shepherd, who always leads the sheep with a big crook, and generally carries one or more tiny lambkins in his arms.

There was no trouble with refractory sheep racing off in the wrong direction; all were content and happy to follow their beloved shepherds, at whose sides trotted the faithful dogs and the big leaders of the flocks that wore the bells. It was the tinkling of these hundreds of bells that had aroused me so early. Never shall I forget that strange, weird sound as it rose and fell on the early morning air.

These numerous flocks of sheep pass through the city twice a year—in the spring, when they leave the warm lowlands around Perugia for the northern mountains, and in autumn, when the frosty air drives them back to the plains. And, as they must pass through the cities on their way, they are obliged to linger outside the city walls until all business in the streets is suspended, when the night guards open the ponderous gates and allow them to pass through.

It was an impressive sight to see those hundreds of sheep following their leaders so happily, and spoke volumes for the friendly relations existing between them.—*Wide Awake.*

A STUDY OF ANT LIFE.

(Condensed from Sir John Lubbock's "Beasties of Nature.")

Some animals may delight us especially by their beauty; others may surprise us by their size; may fascinate us by their exquisite forms; or compel our reluctant attention by their similarity to us in structure; but none offer more points of interest than those which live in communities. I do not allude to the temporary assemblages of birds at certain times of year, nor even to the permanent associations of animals brought together by common wants in suitable localities, but to regular and more or less organized associations. The hive bees, from the beauty and regularity of their cells, from their utility to man, and from the debt we owe them for their unconscious agency in the improvement of flowers, hold a very high place; but they are probably less intelligent, and their relations with other animals and with one another are less complex, than in the case of ants. The subject is a wide one, for there are at least a thousand species, no two of which have the same habits. In England we have rather more than thirty, most of which I have kept in confinement. Their life is comparatively long; I have had working ants which were seven years old, and a queen ant lived in one of my nests for fifteen years. The community consists, in addition to the young, of males, which do no work, of wingless workers, and one or more queen-mothers, who have at first wings, which, however, after one marriage flight, they throw off, as they never leave the nest again, and wings would of course be useless. The workers do not, except occasionally, lay eggs, but carry on all the affairs of the community. Some of them, and especially the younger ones, remain in the nest, excavate chambers and tunnels, and tend the young, which are sorted up according to age, so that my nests often had the appearance of a school, with the children arranged in classes.

In English ants the workers in each species are all similar except in size, but among foreign species there are some in which there are two or even more classes of workers, differing greatly not only in size but also in form. The differences are not the result of age, nor of race, but are adaptations to different functions, the nature of which, however, is not yet well understood. Among the Termites those of one class certainly seem to act as soldiers, and among the true ants also some have comparatively immense heads and powerful jaws. Bates observed that on a foraging expedition the large-headed individuals did not walk in the regular ranks, nor on the return did they carry any of the booty, but marched along the side and at tolerably regular intervals, "like subaltern officers in a marching regiment."

The so-called queens are really mothers. Nevertheless it is true, and it is curious, that the working ants and bees always turn their heads towards the queen. It seems as if the sight of her gave them pleasure. On one occasion, while moving some ant from one nest into another for exhibition, I unfortunately crushed the queen and killed her. The others, however, did not desert her, or draw her out as they do dead workers, but carried her into the new nest, and subsequently into a larger one with which I supplied them, congregating round her for weeks just as if she had been alive. One could hardly help fancying that they were mourning her loss or hoping anxiously for her recovery.

The communities are sometimes very large, numbering even up to 5,000,000 individuals. It is a lesson to us that no one has ever yet seen a quarrel between any two ants belonging to the same community. On the other hand they are in hostility, not only with most other insects, including ants of different species, but even with those of the same species if belonging to different communities. I have over and over again introduced ants from one of my nests into another nest of the same species, and they were invariably attacked, seized by a leg or an antenna, and dragged out. It is evident that the ants of each community all recognize one another. I several times divided a nest into two halves, and found that even after a separation of a year and nine months they recognized one another and were perfectly friendly, whilst they at once attacked ants of a different nest, although of the same species.

It has been suggested that the ants of each nest have some sign or password. To test this I made some insensible. First I tried chloroform, but as they were practically dead, I did not consider the test satisfactory. I decided, therefore, to intoxicate them. This was less easy than I had expected. None of my ants would voluntarily degrade themselves by getting drunk. I got over the difficulty by putting them into whiskey for a few moments. I

took twenty-five from one nest and twenty-five from another, made them dead drunk, marked each with a spot of paint, and put them on a table close to where other ants from one of the nests were feeding. The table was surrounded with a moat of water to prevent them from straying. The ants which were feeding soon noticed those which I had made drunk. They seemed quite astonished to find their comrades in such a disgraceful condition, and as much at a loss to know what to do with their drunkards as we are. After a while they carried them all away; the strangers they took to the edge of the moat and dropped into the water, while they bore their friends home into the nest, where by degrees they slept off the effects of the spirit. Thus it is evident that they know their friends even when incapable of giving any sign or password.

This little experiment shows that they help comrades in distress. In one of my nests an unfortunate ant, in emerging from the chrysalis skin, injured her legs so much that she lay on her back quite helpless. For three months she was carefully fed and tended by the other ants. In another case an ant in the same manner had injured her antennae. For some days she did not leave the nest. At last she ventured outside, and after a while met a stranger ant of the same species, but belonging to another nest, by whom she was at once attacked. I tried to separate them, but whether by her enemy, or by my clumsy kindness, she was evidently much hurt and lay helpless on her side. Several other ants passed her without taking any notice, but soon one came up and carried her off tenderly to the nest.

It is well known that if one bee or ant discovers a store of food, others soon find their way to it. This does not prove much. It makes all the difference whether they are brought or sent. If they merely accompany on her return a companion who has brought a store of food, it does not imply much. To test this I made several experiments. One cold day my ants were almost all in their nests. Only one was out hunting, and about six feet from home. I took a dead blue-bottle fly, pinned it on a piece of cork, and put it down just in front of her. She at once tried to carry off the fly, but to her surprise found it immovable. She tugged and tugged, first one way and then another, for about twenty minutes, and then went straight off to the nest. During that time not a single ant had come out, in fact she was the only ant of that nest out at the time. She went straight in, but in less than half a minute came out again with no less than twelve friends, who trooped off with her, and eventually tore up the dead fly, carrying it off in triumph. The first ant took nothing home with her. She must have made her friends understand that she had found some food, and wanted them to come and help her secure it.

Certain species make slaves of others. If a colony of the slave-making ants is changing the nest, a matter which is left to the discretion of the slaves, the latter carry their mistresses to their new home. If I uncovered one of my nests of the *Fusca* ants, they all began running about in search of some place of refuge. If now I covered over one small part of the nest, after a while some ant discovered it. The brave little insect came out in search of her friends, and the first one she met she took up in her jaws, threw over her shoulder (their way of carrying friends), and took into the covered part; then both came out again, found two more friends and brought them in, the same manoeuvre being repeated until the whole community was in a place of safety.

One kind of slave-making ant has become so dependent on their slaves, that even if provided with food they will die of hunger unless there is a slave to put it in their mouth. I found, however, that they would thrive very well if supplied with a slave for an hour or so once a week to clean and feed them. But in many cases the community does not consist of ants only. They have domestic animals, indeed they have domesticated more animals than we have. Of these, the most important are the Aphides. Some species keep Aphides on trees and bushes, others collect root-feeding Aphides into their nests. They serve as cows to the ants, which feed on the honey-dew secreted by the Aphides. Not only do the ants protect the Aphides, but collect their eggs in autumn, and tend them carefully through the winter, ready for the next spring. Many other insects are domesticated by ants, and some of them, from living constantly underground, have completely lost their eyes and become quite blind.

When we see a community of ants working together in perfect harmony, it is impossible not to ask ourselves how far they are mere exquisite automata; how far they are conscious beings? When we watch an ant-hill tenanted by thousands of in-

dustrious inhabitants, excavating chambers, forming tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering food, feeding the young, tending their domestic animals—each one fulfilling its duties industriously and without confusion,—it is difficult altogether to deny to them the gift of reason; and all our recent observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of men, not so much in kind, as in degree.

THE CULTIVATION OF HUMANE IDEAS.

The public needs enlightenment regarding the true nature of animals. When that is complete and thorough, right feelings toward them will spring up in the larger proportion of people. I would especially direct attention to the education of children in and out of school on this subject. It should be held before a child as a more cowardly thing to abuse a defenceless animal than one of its own species. But this will not weigh much with the child if all it hears tends to belittle the creatures by which it is surrounded, and to exalt man beyond all measure. I should begin with very young children, by pointing to similarities of structure and function between themselves and the family cat or dog. They have eyes, ears, tongues, etc.; they see, hear, taste, feel pain, and experience pleasure, just as children do; therefore, let us recognize their rights, avoid giving them pain, and increase their pleasures. I strongly advocate each family having some one animal, at least, to be brought up with the household to some extent, be it bird, cat, or dog. But, on the other hand, it seems to me to be a great mistake to introduce any animal as a mere toy or plaything for very young children. Such a proceeding rather tends to encourage cruelty. * * *

I suggest that if the interest of teachers—especially the heads of schools—can be secured, some steps may be taken in leading the young to entertain correct views and feelings toward the lower animals. The keynote should be: They are our fellow creatures; in some, but not all respects, our "poor relations;" to be guarded and assisted, but also to be respected; for in not a few directions they are superior to ourselves.—PROF. WESLEY MILLS, in May "Popular Science Monthly."

IT DOESN'T COST MONEY.

It doesn't cost money, as many suppose,

To have a good time on the earth;
The best of its pleasures are free unto those
Who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing,
The loveliest flowers grow wild,
The finest of drinks gushes out of the spring—
All free to man, woman, and child.

No money can purchase, no artist can paint,
Such pictures as nature supplies
Forever, all over, to sinner and saint,
Who use to advantage their eyes.

Kind words and glad looks and smiles cheery and brave

Cost nothing—no, nothing at all;
And yet all the wealth Monte Christo could save
Can make no such pleasures befall.

To bask in the sunshine, to breathe the pure air,
Honest toil, the enjoyment of health,
Sweet slumber refreshing—these pleasures we share
Without any portion of wealth.

Communion with friends that are tried, true, and strong,

To love and be loved for love's sake—
In fact, all that makes a life happy and long
Are free to whoever will take.

The author of "Legends of Woburn" tells the following story of his dog:—

One day as my dog was sitting listening to my performance on the violin, it occurred to me to test the extent of his natural and acquired musical ability. So I dropped down in playing to the G string, and in a soft, low tone began a minor air from Mozart. It was really astonishing to witness the effect upon the dog. As the minor tale told by the violin floated on the air, the tail of the dog grew limp, lost its curl, and soon lay stretched out perfectly flat upon the floor, while he bowed his head and drooped his ears, occasionally casting up his eyes to my face, as much as to say, "Isn't it beautiful?" He was musically mesmerized, dog-gone, "lock, stock, and barrel." I now changed to a lively measure. At once his ears pricked up, his tail left the floor, curled up again, and began to wag, keeping time, as I thought, with the music. Soon he rose and frisked about, his whole demeanor being completely changed; while, as I closed, he said, in his way very plainly, "Much obliged for the treat; you see I appreciate it." Can any one say that animal had no music in his doggy soul?

"Why is it that when a woman loses her husband she becomes so attractive?"
"It is the old, old story of the widow's night."
—Judge.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over fifteen thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over nine hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "*Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All.*"

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. One copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



A KINDERGARTEN BAND OF MERCY READING "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

By courtesy of the Engraver and Printer Company, 84 Summer St., Boston.

CAME BACK TO BE SHOT.

A TOUCHING LITTLE STORY OF THE FRENCH COMMUNE.

The order had been issued to Paris in 1871 by the new republican authorities that Communist insurgents who were taken with arms in their hands should be put to death immediately. So writes a French correspondent. The order was being relentlessly executed, when, in the garden of the Elysee Palace, a detachment of republican troops came upon a small band of insurgents. Among them was a boy of fifteen years, still in short trousers.

The band was conducted to a larger party of Communists destined for execution. On the way the fifteen-year old broke out from among his companions and placed himself in front of the colonel who commanded the escort. Making the military salute with a good deal of grace, he said,—

"Mister, you're going to shoot me, I suppose?"

"Certainly, my lad," said the colonel. "Taken with arms in your hands, it's all up with you. That is the order."

"All right!" said the boy, "but see here; I live in Miromesnil Street, where my mother is concierge in a house. She'll wait for me if I don't come home, and she'll worry a great deal. I just want to go home and quiet her a bit, you know; and then, again, I've got my watch here; I'd like to give it to my mother, so she'll have as much as that, anyway. Come, colonel, let me run home a little while. I give you my word of honor I'll come back to be shot!"

The colonel was struck with astonishment at the boy's demand. It also began to amuse him a good deal.

"You give me your word of honor, eh, that you'll return in time to be executed?"

"My word of honor, mister!"

"Well, well," said the colonel, "this young scamp has wit as well as assurance. A rather young rebel to shoot, too! Well, his assurance has saved him. Go home, boy!"

The youth bowed and scampered off. "The last we shall see of him," said the colonel.

Half an hour passed by; the colonel, who was now indoors in his headquarters, had forgotten, in the press of his terrible business, all about the boy, whom he regarded as having been definitely set free. But all at once the door opened and the boy Communist popped in.

"Here I am, mister!" he exclaimed. "I saw mamma, told her, gave her the watch, and kissed her. Now I'm ready."

Then the colonel did what perhaps none but a rough soldier would have done. He rose, came over to the boy, seized him by both ears, led him thus to the door and kicked him out of it, exclaiming,—

"Get out, you young brigand! Get back to your mother just as quick as you can!"

With a red face the officer returned to his chair, muttering to his companions as he waved his hand toward a party of the condemned insurgents,—

"So they have their heroes, then—those scoundrels!"—*St. Louis Republic.*

OUR TOMMY.

The South has always been noted for hospitality, and nowhere has this quality been more religiously maintained than in Virginia. Unfortunately the war made sad havoc with the Virginian's resources, but his old-time open-heartedness has never altered.

Some years ago, a friend of mine travelling in the lower portion of that State stopped for a few hours with old acquaintances and remained for tea. An occasion of this kind calls invariably for the favorite dish of the South—fried chicken.

Alas! there was but one chicken on the place, and that one was a pet. It had been left an orphan by its mother at a very early age, and, like Pip in Charles Dickens' "Great Expectations," had been brought up by hand. The children called it Tommy, and were very fond of it, while Tommy, in turn, was attached to the children.

The matter was a very serious one, and the family consultation was held. Virginia hospitality could not be lightly disregarded, and it was decided that poor Tommy must become the sacrifice.

My friend, of course, knew nothing of the tragedy that was being enacted for his comfort, and when tea was served regarded the plate of nicely browned chicken with contemplative joy.

Soon, however, he became aware that something was amiss. An air of silent sorrow pervaded the little family group usually so gay, and the children took nothing on their plates. The chicken was passed, but with the exception of my friend no one partook. Selecting a juicy-looking drum-stick he fixed it with his fork, and cutting off a choice bit conveyed it to his mouth.

At this there was a sudden and heart-breaking howl from one of the little boys, "Oh, mamma, mamma, he's eating up our Tommy."

Thereupon the other children mingled their voices in a loud wailing, and the elder members burst into uncontrollable laughter, in which, as the truth dawned upon him, my friend joined.

Then there came more explanations, more laughter and tears, and adjustments all around.

Poor Tommy could not be restored to life, but he was buried under a big apple-tree with appropriate ceremonies.—*Harper's Young People.*

WALTER KNEW.

"I know why bees never sit down," said Walter.

"Why, my dear?" asked his mother.

"Cause they has pins in their coat-tails, and they's afraid to."—*Industrial School Gen.*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, June, 1893.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper, for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eight cents in postage stamps to pay postage, and will receive the volume.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1632, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

☞ In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month two hundred and sixty-two new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of fifteen thousand nine hundred and sixteen.

MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day, it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

BAND OF MERCY SONGS.

Will friends please send us all the good "Band of Mercy" songs they can. (With or without music.) When we get enough we shall put them into the hands of a competent person to select and prepare a new song book.

"BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES AND WARNING.

Our beautiful cloth-bound Library Edition, twenty-five cents at our offices, thirty cents when sent by mail; Board Edition, twelve cents at our offices, twenty cents when sent by mail; Old Gold Edition, six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail; Italian Edition, ten cents at our offices, fourteen cents when sent by mail. Lower prices when large numbers are ordered.

Various publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued spurious editions of "Black Beauty," leaving out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, and substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc. Don't buy them.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

It is with profound regret we learn of the serious illness of our friend, Miss Willard, which will compel her to remain in England with Lady Somerset, and prevent her attending our World's Women's Congress at Chicago, and so, perhaps, prevent the going forth from that Congress the appeal we have hoped for to the Christian churches of all Christian nations, to throw their whole influence, through prayers, petitions, and otherwise, for the prevention of wars, so fatal to the happiness of human beings and dumb beasts, and for the promotion of humane education.

It does seem as though the good spirits ought to help those who are doing such noble work for humanity, by giving them health to do it.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

PAPAL MEDIATION.

ROME, May 14. — The *Osservatore Romano* published yesterday a long leader under the caption "Disarmament." The article is especially noticeable for its avoidance of any denial of the recent reports that the pope will invite the European great powers to disarm. The writer says that the pope alone is competent to initiate a movement toward the general reduction of the great modern armies, and then suggests a plan for rendering easy the preservation of peace without soldiers.

THE DUTIES OF SOCIETIES FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

It is only a little over twenty-five years since the first society was formed in America for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and it is not surprising, though their growth and extension during that time have been wonderful, that their entire objects and mission are not by every one clearly understood.

Some think their objects should be simply to protect public health — and horses.

Some think they should protect only poor men's horses, while rich men should be at liberty to dock them, tie up their heads with tight check-reins, cover their eyes with close-fitting blinders, run them with whip and spur in races, and when they get injured in polo matches or chasing a fox over ditches, fences, or hurdles, sell them to those who will eventually sell them into dump carts, where they will be starved, pounded, and tormented by insects until they die.

When a great scare has been gotten up by the newspapers about hydrophobia, and most severe and barbarous legislation is sought against dogs, some think the societies for the protection of dumb animals should remain silent.

When the English sparrow is attacked, some think no word should be said in his behalf.

Especially do some think that no word should be ever said against the unlimited practice of vivisection.

All these views come from a misapprehension of the objects and duties of these societies, which are to protect and speak for all the dumb races that cannot protect and speak for themselves.

It is our duty to appear personally, or by representative, in courts, before legislative committees, and elsewhere, and, by all proper means, do for all the dumb races precisely what the lawyer is sworn to do for his human client; and those who think that our societies in any of these matters go beyond their duty, think so because they have not given sufficient thought to the subject to realize what are the duties of these societies to the dumb races which they have been organized to protect.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HE HAD THE VARIOLOID.

President Lincoln is reported to have said, when the doctor told him one morning that he had the varioloid, "Well, I am glad I have something now I can give to everybody."

A recent stop at Washington leads us to think that President Cleveland is in about the same position.

PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND.

DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU READ IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

In our January number we published the following, cut from a Boston paper:—

"Will the long-tailed horse come in with the new national administration? It will, if President Cleveland is permitted to set the fashion. He took a drive in Central Park Sunday behind his new pair of chestnuts, and it was noted that the tails of the handsome animals were neither docked nor banded."

Recently a statement has been going in newspapers over the country that Mrs. Cleveland had at Washington a fine span of dock-tailed horses.

We have obtained from the highest authority:

- (1) That the above statement is not true.
- (2) That Mrs. Cleveland at the time specified had no horses at all at Washington.

As ninety-nine one-hundredths of the American people believe the docking of horses barbarous and cruel, and the distinguishing mark of Anglomaniac dukes and shoddilytes, we think it only doing justice to this excellent lady to send to the about twenty thousand American editors who will receive marked copies of this paper the contradiction of this false statement.

General Butler is said to have remarked at the close of his Presidential campaign with Cleveland, Blaine, and St. John, that he was the only man who came out with a good character.

Newspaper lies undoubtedly caused the assassination of both Lincoln and Garfield.

It is a terrible pity that so many are told, and it is well to bear in mind the caution, "Don't believe all you read in the newspapers."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE CLERGYMAN IN OLD AGE.

Cardinal Wolsey is reported to have said, "If I had served my God as I have served my king, He would not in my old age have deserted me."

We well remember the college oration of a friend, now an eminent Boston lawyer, on "The old age of the political partisan," and wish it were in print for all political partisans to read.

But one of the saddest things we know is the old age of some of our clergymen, who after a life spent in the service of the Master are shoved aside to make way for younger men.

At the age when the doctor and lawyer are receiving their largest fees, and all needy soldiers are honorably provided for in well-appointed soldiers' homes, the old clergyman, like the old horse, is too often left to hard work for little pay or to depend on charity.

In the Catholic and Methodist Episcopal churches, we believe, this is not true. But in some of our churches we have had brought to our notice sad instances of the neglect and suffering of aged clergymen.

As this paper goes to all the clergy of our own State, we would urge upon them, in view of the fact that sooner or later they will all — if they live — grow old, to take action for the establishment in all churches of funds which shall honorably provide for the old age of those who have given their lives to the preaching of the gospel.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

Sow ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall,
Ye shall reap, if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow ye beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer;
Name Him whose hand upholds thee,
And sow thou everywhere.

OUR AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY'S MISSIONARY,
MR. CHARLES S. HUBBARD.

We are glad to announce that our devoted missionary has so far recovered from illness that he has been hard at work forming new "Bands of Mercy" in the public schools of Helena, Arkansas, and elsewhere.

Our recent enforced visit to the South has satisfied us that in the Southern and Southwestern States the first work to be done is to circulate, as widely as possible, interesting humane literature, such as "Black Beauty," "Our Dumb Animals," etc., etc., and form "Bands of Mercy" in the public schools, through which can be built up a humane sentiment to create and support humane societies.

Laws which go beyond public sentiment will never be properly enforced, and what is now first needed in our Southern and Southwestern States is a right and powerful public sentiment.

We are getting hold of Southern editors through the wide gratuitous circulation of "Our Dumb Animals," and they have largely reached the point where they will help the formation of "Bands of Mercy" in their public schools.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

"I AM GOING TO HAVE GOOD ORDER IN THIS UNIVERSITY IF I EXPEL EVERY STUDENT!"

Many of our readers have read in various Boston papers of the recent outrage committed by the students of a Western university, in which twelve students broke into a hall occupied by five others, whose offence was the initiating into a college society of a student whom the twelve wanted to initiate into another.

These twelve "big fellows" stripped the five of their clothing, laid them on the floor, faces upward, and with lunar caustic burning into their flesh, branded their cheeks for life with the letters "D. O. A.," and, as one report says, also branded horns on each temple. They then applied a red-hot shovel to their backs and legs, then left four of them gagged and helpless in the room, and, dragging the fifth two squares from the hall, left him in a cow stable.

Our readers know how we have written on this subject of college outrages—how we have offered \$700 in prizes for the best essays and practical plans of carrying humane education into our "Higher Institutions of Learning"—written all their Presidents—supplied them and all their college libraries with bound volumes of our humane publications, and sent to the students themselves some seventy thousand copies of condensed humane information.

Cannot these outrages be stopped?

We are informed that in all the Roman Catholic Universities and Colleges of this country, of which there are now a large number, not a single instance of the kind can be found.

When, many years ago, that great man, the Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland, was made president of "Brown University," he found the college in bad condition, and began expelling students at such a rate that the trustees ventured to remonstrate.

His answer is reported to have been: "Gentlemen, I am ready to resign at any moment, but if I stay I am going to have good order in this University if I expel every student."

And he had it.

We have recommended in various addresses to college and university students the formation in all of them of a great order of American chivalry, whose pledge should be: "I hereby promise that, to the best of my ability, I will endeavor to protect the defenceless and maintain the right."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE STORY OF MALTA.

There comes to our table, from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, "The Story of Malta," by our good friend M. M. Ballou, and a most interesting story it is.

On its fourth and fifth pages we find thoughts which make us pause in our reading:—

"Malta has held an important place in the records of history as far back as three thousand years ago. This is not looking backward very far. The author has seen objects of Egyptian production in the Boolak museum, on the banks of the Nile, which were six thousand years old.

The Sphinx, standing in its grim loneliness ten miles from Calro, is still older, while in the South Sea islands are prehistoric ruins believed to antedate the Sphinx.

Professor Agassiz talked confidently in his day of a million of years having been required to bring about the present condition of the earth.

Since Agassiz's time geologists and scientists generally do not hesitate to say millions."

Let our readers consider these thoughts—then look up at the stars in the evening sky and try to imagine the magnitude and grandeur of God's universe.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"I suppose you met the social lions while in London?"

"Can't say that I did, but I met one of Africa once, and he wanted to invite me inside as soon as he saw me."—Texas Siftings.

THE COST OF GRATUITOUSLY CIRCULATING "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

Some time since one of our Massachusetts papers published an editorial asking where the money given our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. goes to, and suggesting that a considerable part of it goes into the circulation of this paper.

We find, among over a hundred pleasant marked articles and cuttings from papers recently sent us, an answer from our good friend the editor of the "Haverhill Gazette," which he kindly closes by saying that—

"No abler administrator of affairs and no more honest man stands in the Commonwealth to-day than G. T. Angell, whose life-work has been the upbuilding of this beneficent power for good."

It has certainly been a great pleasure to us to have been able to give over twenty years of our life and some thousands of dollars to the upbuilding of this humane work, and we hope to some time give it more. But we think it proper to add that this paper does have a very large gratuitous circulation to every clergyman in the State, Protestant and Roman Catholic—every school superintendent—every lawyer—every physician—every postmaster—the Legislature—a large number of "Bands of Mercy"—over six hundred of the Boston police—some five hundred Boston drivers—between four and five hundred of our country agents in almost every town—all Massachusetts editors, etc., etc., all of which is paid for by our Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Then it has another large gratuitous circulation outside the State, going, among others, sometimes every month and always every other month, to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, about twenty thousand in all.

This is paid for by our "American Humane Education Society," which is largely supported by friends in other States and to some extent in other countries, and if it had funds sufficient we should be glad to send out a hundred copies for every one we are now able to send, and in the same proportion "Black Beauty" and other humane publications.

We firmly believe there is no country in the world where humane education is more important for the welfare of human beings as well as of dumb animals, and for the preservation of free government and the protection of property and life, than in our own. And we also firmly believe that the harvest will be likely to be in proportion to the seed judiciously sown.

We have been delighted in our recent journey through the Southern States to learn from editors, in various places where we have stopped, how carefully our paper has been read by them and how much of it has been republished in their columns.

Within an hour of writing this article we have been thanked over and again by a Southern editor, his wife and family, for sending "Our Dumb Animals" and "Black Beauty" into the Southern States.

The editor, in proof of their influence, pointed to his fine-looking horse standing without check-rein or blinders in front of his editorial rooms.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOW MANY PROSECUTING OFFICERS?

The question is asked—how many prosecuting officers have you?

We answer: Six who are paid full salaries, and one who is paid a part salary.

In addition to these, we have over four hundred unpaid agents in almost every city and town of the State, and in our Boston offices five other officers of the society, a part of whose duty it is to notice, and so far as possible prevent, cruelty.

In addition to the above, over six hundred of the Boston police are branch members of the society, receiving each month our paper, and at times various other humane publications.

In addition to all these, many members of our society are on the lookout for cases of cruelty and ready to promptly interfere.

In addition to these, our publications go monthly to several hundreds of Boston's best drivers, who are in entire sympathy with and often aid our work.

MISSIONARY HUBBARD IN THE FIELD.

The superintendent of schools in Memphis, Tenn., writes on May 4th:—

Your representative, Mr. Hubbard, spent last week visiting and speaking to our public and private schools. His discourses on kindness in general, and upon the humane treatment of animals in particular, seemed to make a very favorable and happy impression on the minds of the pupils, and I hope that good and gracious results will emanate therefrom. He is engaged in a great and noble work, and I am gratified and grateful that he has visited our schools.

GEO. W. GORDON, Supt.

PROTECTION FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

We take great pleasure in publishing the following important circular, issued by the Young Women's Christian Association, whose office is at Room 61, No. 243 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, and we hope the press all over the country will give it the widest possible publicity:—

The Young Women's Christian Association of Chicago, now sixteen years old, has always been an aggressive body in aiding young girls depending upon their own resources for support. It has continuously, since 1876, kept a home for young girls—strangers in the city—opening from time to time new ones. Now it has four homes located at the following numbers: No. 288 Michigan Avenue; 5830 Rosalie Court, near Jackson Park; 367 Jackson Boulevard (West Side); and 3238 Wentworth Avenue. These homes are given as landmarks of safety to young, respectable girls who need protection or information in coming alone to Chicago. These homes, with their limited capacity, if full, can direct to suitable lodging-houses. The great feature of the work of the Young Women's Christian Association is the Travellers' Aid Department, about four years old. Paid agents wearing a blue badge marked "Young Women's Christian Association" meet the trains, to aid women travelling alone in making changes, or direct them how in the cheapest and safest way they may reach their destination. No charge is made for this service, as the agents are paid by the association. Girls are warned not to speak to strangers, but to go to the waiting room and remain until the badge is seen. The agents may be delayed a trifle, but will gratuitously direct as well as aid in finding the friends or shelter sought by women or girls travelling alone. Young girls proposing to visit Chicago, should, three days prior to leaving home, address the head agent, Miss Anson, 5830 Rosalie Court, Jackson Park, stating the exact date and time of starting, as well as the railroad they will come over.

The sole desire of the Young Women's Christian Association of Chicago is to aid young self-supporting girls and women, and to protect them from imposition.—Respectfully,

MRS. LEANDER STONE, President.

MRS. A. S. CHAMBERLIN, Secretary.

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

A SABBATH PROFANED.

A LESSON TO LANDOWNERS.

Information having been received of a cock-fight at Mendon, on Sunday, April 30, Officer Burrill, accompanied by local agent Smith, made an investigation May 11. Following carriage tracks through a scrubby pasture, after a long search they discovered the cock-pit. The ground around it was covered with feathers, and there were broken jugs in the vicinity. Agent Burrill soon found a dead cock, minus the head, which he kept for evidence.

Mr. Ernest Wilbur, the owner of the land, admitted that he had let the premises for \$20 for that Sunday to persons unknown to him, and who had not paid him. Agent Burrill prosecuted Mr. Wilbur for promoting a cock-fight. He was tried before Judge Fales in the district court at Milford, convicted, and fined one hundred dollars.

Mr. Wilbur may continue dead to the moral aspects of cock-fighting, but he is likely in future to be very much alive to its financial possibilities.

DOCKING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The following from the last annual report of the president and secretary of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. explains the precise trouble we have in Massachusetts in enforcing the first and best law ever enacted in the world to protect horses from the life mutilation of docking:—

"Recently twenty-eight horses were docked on a stock farm owned by a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, and it is alleged that two of these animals died from tetanus or lockjaw. All efforts on our part to reach the offenders were fruitless, for the reason that we could not secure such legal evidence as is essential in cases of this character. The person who furnished the information professed a great desire to have the offenders punished, but declined to appear before a magistrate, and after eight weeks of patient and thorough investigation our agents were instructed to abandon further inquiry."

How to put a horse on his metal: shoe him.

THE 700 MILE HORSE RACE.

The following appeared in Boston dailies of May 26th and 27th:—

Whereas some 300 or more Western cowboys propose to start on Sunday, June 25th, from Chadron, Nebraska, for a race of about seven hundred miles to Chicago for money, *no man being allowed more than two horses*, I do hereby offer, in behalf of "The American Humane Education Society" and "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," a prize, as may be preferred, of \$100 in money or a gold medal costing that amount, to the man or woman who shall do the most to prevent this terrible race, which, if accomplished, will be, in the view of all humane people of the world, both Christian and heathen, a national disgrace.

The decision in regard to the person entitled to the prize will be made by a committee appointed by the Hon. Daniel Needham, president of the New England Agricultural Society.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the A. H. E. S. and M. S. P. C. A.

THE PROPOSED TERRIBLE HORSE RACE TO CHICAGO.

Our readers all remember the terrible horse race between German and Austrian officers, which a few months ago shocked the humane sentiment of the civilized world.

From our February paper they also learned that some three hundred cowboys were proposing to start from Chadron, Nebraska, at sunrise on May 15, for a similar race of over seven hundred miles to the Nebraska building at "The Chicago World's Fair"—the first arriving to receive a purse of \$1500 and the second a purse of \$500.

We stated that if these semi-barbarians were to pass through Massachusetts we thought we could take care of all of them without difficulty, but as it was we had written our friend John G. Shortall, Esq., president of "The Illinois Humane Society," who would unquestionably do all in his power to prevent this proposed outrage.

But letters now coming to us (two by last mail) lead us to say that the race seems to be fully determined upon, that the time of starting is fixed at about June 25th (perhaps the hottest part of summer), and that each rider is allowed only two horses for over seven hundred miles.

Under these circumstances we do most earnestly pray all the about ten thousand American editors who will receive marked copies of this paper, and all our Western Humane Societies, and all humane citizens, to prevent, by the power of the press and the enforcement of laws, this disgrace to American civilization, so that if the race is begun no rider shall ever be permitted to enter Chicago having ridden two horses night and day, under whip and spur, over seven hundred miles to win these purses.

And we do most earnestly ask all our "Band of Mercy" members, and all humane people who may reside in any city or town through which these men, if they succeed in starting, may attempt to pass, to receive them everywhere with hisses and cries of "Shame!"

In behalf of the dumb beasts whom it is proposed to ride in this terrible race, I earnestly pray the assistance of all who are able in any way to assist in saving them from torture and our country from this disgrace.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

We sent the above last month to about ten thousand American editors. We send it this month to the other ten thousand. We have received a multitude of condemnatory editorials from editors to whom we sent it last month.

THE TERRIBLE COWBOY RACE.

In the Boston Herald of May 23rd we find the following:—

"The proposed race of 300 cowboys from Chadron, Neb., to the Nebraska building on the Chicago fair grounds will cover a distance of 700 miles, and each rider is to be allowed only two horses for the whole distance. As the start is to be made June 25, it will be seen that it is proposed to ride a horse 350 miles during the hottest part of the year, and at a lively gait. Here seems to be a chance for the intervention of the S. P. C. A."

BLACK BEAUTY.

It will never be possible to estimate the influence of the one little book "Black Beauty" upon the people of two continents. It has done the work that tracts are meant to do, without being in the least like a tract. It appeals with special force to the imagination of boys, and the effect it is sure to have upon their minds will help to shape their general conduct toward dumb animals throughout their lives. The Buffalo Commercial tells a story which illustrates the truth of this. It says that the boys of Buffalo have generally read "Black Beauty," and, as a result, are down on those who are cruel to horses. In Johnson Park, the other day, a man was whipping his horse, and a group of boys at once began yelling "Horse killer! Horse killer!" He stood it as long as he could, and then turned back at the boys, but he could not intimidate them. When he found that he could not stop even the clamor, he asked why they yelled that at him. They promptly called back, "Because you are a horse killer. Stop beating your horse if you don't want us to yell at you." And he did, so long as he was in sight at last.

A GOOD SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Mr. C. A. Hamlin, of Syracuse, N. Y., writes this encouraging word:—

A friend who is a horse fancier and a humane man, and who was present, tells me that at a recent horse sale at Tattersall's in New York buyers discriminated against docked horses. A lot of very fine animals from Canada, all docked, had to go at very low prices. The sooner the smaller cities learn that docking is "out of style" the sooner it will cease.

Respectfully commended to the notice of those wittlings hereabouts who are nothing if not in style, and to whom life is not worth living if they cannot be aping somebody.

JIM.

Some horses have high-toned names, but it didn't matter with him. Some folks 'ud a called him James, but he answered only to "Jim."

We raised him up from a colt, of a common sort of stock; But he rose above his breed, as you could see by his walk;

Faithful always, an' kind, and the pride o' my dead wife.

An' I wouldn't o' raised a whip to strike him to save my life;

I'd as leave hit one of the kids as to lay a lash on him,

An' fer an all-round horse thar warn't none better than Jim.

Stiddy an' straight at the plough, he always knowed when to turn,

So fer either gee or haw he didn't have any concern; He started or stopped at a word, no matter how hard the work;

He went like his heart was in it, an' never was known to shirk.

An' when I would drive him to town to the surrey he seemed to feel proud

With all o' the family behind him—an' it wasn't no little crowd—

You should see him throw out his feet an' lookin' so slick an' trim,

Allowin' no others to pass, fer they couldn't git 'head o' Jim.

Money couldn't a bought him—I'd as soon hev sold a child—

The very thoughts o' the thing 'ud a set the house-hold wild;

No treatment was ever too good for such a critter as he,

An' he seemed to be thankful fer it, as any time you could see;

Why, the baby could straddle his back an' slap him an' yell with delight,

An' he'd take him around the yard until you'd laugh at the sight,

Fer he'd go with a careful step, lest the baby should tumble down,
With the other children laughin' an' followin' 'em roun' an' roun'.

But the seasons got poorer an' poorer, an' I saw my profits fade,
Till I couldn't pay my debts, in spite of all Jim's aid.
An' a merchant I owed in town with an officer came fer the horse,

An' there wasn't no use of fightin' to try to prevent it, of course.

I felt like my heart would break—I could hardly get my breath—

An' all the children screamin' an' cryin' theirselves to death.

Jim seemed to know what was wrong. He looked back with a sorrowful eye

When the rascals led him away, an' I went to the barn to cry.

If Jim had a died an' gone it wouldn't hev been so bad,

Fer I felt like the feller who loses the girl he thought he had;

If she's in her grave that's an end, but to see her some other man's,

It's misery enough to make him take his life with his own han's.

I hadn't much heart to work, but I had to struggle along.

I had two other horses, but they wasn't very strong, I held to the plough behind 'em, but my eyes 'ud git dim.

Till I couldn't see the furrow—a sighin' an' thinkin' o' Jim.

The little truck I could raise I hated to take to the town,

Fer every time that I did I'd see Jim trottin' aroun' To the finest buggy I ever see, with nice harness on,

An' Jenks sittin' straight with lines in his han', an' I wanted my gun.

An' if Jim 'ud see me he'd neigh an' want to come where I was,

But he got the lash—an' I cussed the rich an' railed at the laws!

An' then I 'ud turn away, fer my head was beginnin' to swim,

An' my very blood 'ud bile as I went home a grievin' fer Jim.

I am very sure that Jim felt as bad about it as me, An' hated ole Jenks the same, an' soon he got mean as could be.

I'd hear that he'd try to run off, an' kicked, an' shied out o' spite.

He wasn't the same ole horse, tho' I felt it was perfectly right.

But I tried to get reconciled to it, an' went on with my work best I could.

Next year some money I made, fer the season an' crops they was good,

An' at dinner one day, as we sot there talkin' o' him, Who should come tearin' an' stoppin' in front o' the gate but ole Jim.

Ole Jim, with his harness on, an' a piece of a shaft at his side.

I knowed that sumpin was wrong. "Jim! Jim!" the children cried,

As we all run out to the gate an' found he was all in foam,

An' they patted his neck an' rubbed his face as they welcomed him home.

Well, ole Jenks he was somewhat hurt in the smashup that occurred,

An' was dreadfully mad at the beast, as might easily be inferred.

I bought our old love for a song an' paid it down with a vim—

That horse there under the apple, with the children around him—that's Jim.

A. W. BELLAW, in the "Horseman."

THE BEST WAY.

This world is a difficult world, indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with a flute.

And I myself have often thought
How very much better 'twould be,
If every one of the folks I know
Would only agree with me.

But since they will not, then the very best way
To make this world look bright
Is never to mind what people say,
But do what you think is right.

—White Ribbon.

THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

I hereby offer twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., June, 1893.

2000 large cards for posting, containing the above notice, can be had at our offices without charge.

TRIP AND MORO.

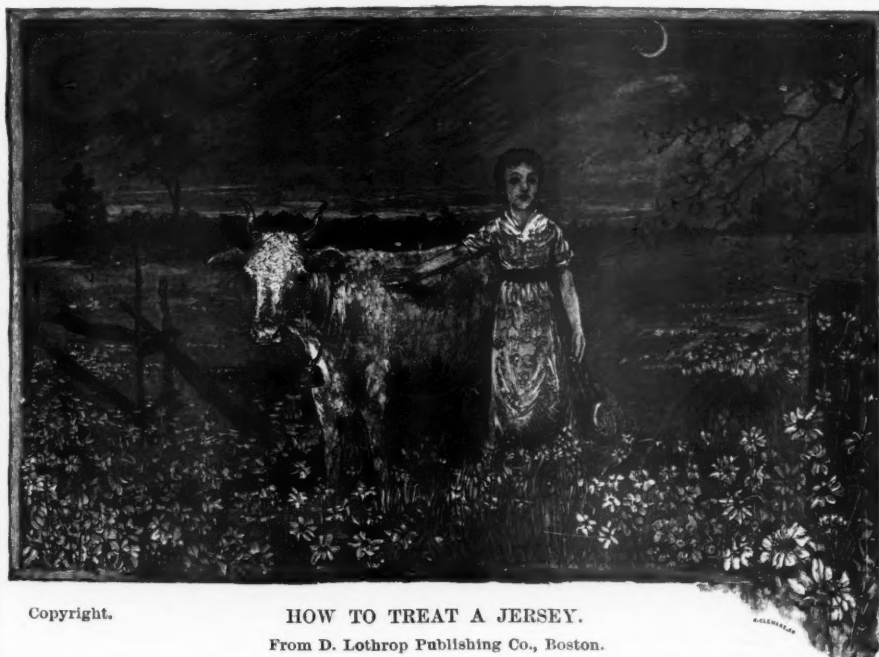
A BOSTON WOMAN'S LETTER FROM ITALY.

VILLA FIGARI, ST. MARGHERITA,
GENOA, March 29, 1893.

It nearly broke my heart about my little Trip. He is a King Charles, with long, wavy black hair, and tan marks over his eyes and on his feathered feet, a bushy tail and long ears. We have a hound, too, a good creature whom Mrs. Manfredi found *hung* by some bad boys to a tree—his eyes starting out. She cut him down and brought him to the house, where we nursed and fed him. He has the saddest expression, and his devotion to Mrs. Manfredi is beyond the devotion of human beings. He sits at her feet with sad eyes fixed on her face like a lover—a nice, faithful watch dog, and we take good care of him. No one comes near the house but he lets us know. He never attacks any one, but he barks a little and walks up to a stranger and follows at his side till some of us have seen him and satisfied doggie's mind that the stranger's presence is all right. Mrs. Manfredi christened him Moro.

Before our villa, which stands back among its vineyards and olives and fruit trees, is a large paved terrace with flower beds, and shaded by the largest orange trees I ever saw. The view is beautiful over the sea and mountains and the little town of St. Margherita. I was coming in from a walk one afternoon about dusk with my little Trip; he ran along to the other end of the terrace under the orange trees, and I heard him give a low growl. He often does that as he plays and scratches the earth, so I thought nothing of it and only called to him. Moro came running up to me to be petted, and then Trip gave another growl and I heard a noise like a slight scuffle. I turned at once to go to Trip, but Moro gave a sharp bark, and, with his hair all bristling and tail out, dashed by me. I could not see, but he could. I just got near enough to see my poor little Trip with a great wild unknown cat on his back that he was trying to shake off. Moro seized the cat by the back and there was a struggle and a mass of dog and cat rolling in a heap. As I came up my poor little Trip dragged himself to my feet, trailing his bushy tail and long ears, such a picture of dejection, but he had not uttered a cry. He is a plucky little fellow always, only when I picked him up he laid his head against me and a sort of quiver passed through him, then he burst out in the most heartrending shrieks. I felt at once he was hurt, but when I took him into the lighted drawing-room I thought I should drop. Hanging down against his nose, clean out of the socket, was one of his bright, beautiful eyes. I rushed as fast as I could go with him down to the apothecary's to see if it was possible to replace the eye. They could do nothing, but told me that in Genoa there was the king's veterinarian, an old man who had all his life loved animals dearly and had studied for years in Paris and Vienna, was rich, but had made, out of love for them, most extraordinary cures. Mr. Manfredi was in town, so I jumped into the train with Trip in my arms and drove to his rooms. It was after ten as we rung at the door of a handsome house in the fashionable part of Genoa and asked for the professor. He was just going to bed, but he came out and carefully examined little Trip. He was dreadfully torn and hurt; the eye had been *dragged out* and the optic nerve cut as with a knife. The poor little fellow behaved so well; he perfectly understood that we were doing all we could for him, and was quite still and quiet. Mr. Manfredi asked the professor, "Will it be mercy to kill him?" "If you had the misfortune to be badly hurt—to lose an eye—would you wish to be killed?" answered the old gentleman. "There are hundreds of men and women who enjoy life with only one eye. A young, healthy dog, he will be as bright as ever; the one awful moment of unspeakable agony was when the eye was torn out. If it were a man I should cut the cords and take away the eye to-night, but this delicate little dog has had all his system can bear to-night—take him home—let him eat and drink all he will—keep him in a shaded room to prevent inflammation to the well eye for a few days—as the sunlight fades at twilight take him out for exercise—bathe the poor torn eye with cold water—and in five or six days bring him back and I will cut the eye away; it is dead now."

For a month I nursed little Tripple like a child to save his other eye. I took him to a great oculist and he too said the great ball lying on his nose must be cut away. But it never was. The first day he lay on the sofa and let me bathe it with cold water, but at night he retired under the sofa and I heard a noise of *licking* which it took me a long time to explain. He licked his hind paw on top where the



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HOW TO TREAT A JERSEY.

From D. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

hair is and it is soft, till it was thoroughly wet, when he gently passed it over the torn eye till it was well bathed, and at last gave it a queer little jerk back toward the empty socket. When I saw this I let him alone. He who notes the sparrow's fall was guiding the little creature better than I could. For four or five days and nights he kept up almost constantly this licking, bathing, and slight jerking back. I fed him, petted him, kept the sunlight from him, took him out at dusk, and he did the rest. The fifth morning, when I went to the sofa to look at him the great ball was back in its place and the lid closed naturally over it. Had he been a man he would have lost the eye. It is sightless, but he has it in his head.

Little Trip looks up with his bright intelligent eye as I tell him I am writing about his affliction, waves his bushy tail, and jumps up as bright and well and happy as if he had two eyes.

RUSKIN'S TENDER HEART.

Kindness to animals has often been noted as one of the most striking traits of Mr. Ruskin,—a sympathy with them which goes much deeper than benevolent sentiment, or the curiosity of science. He cared little about their organization and anatomy, much about their habits and character. * *

He founded the Society of Friends of Living Creatures, which he addressed in his capacity of, not president, but "papa." The members, boys and girls from seven to fifteen, promised not to kill nor hurt any animal for sport, nor tease creatures; but to make friends of their pets and watch their habits, and collect facts about natural history.

I remember, on one of the rambles at Coniston, in the early days, how we found a wounded buzzard—one of the few creatures of the eagle kind that our English mountains still breed. The rest of us were not very ready to go near the beak and talons of the fierce looking, and, as we supposed, desperate bird. Mr. Ruskin quietly took it up in his arms, felt it over to find the hurt, and carried it quite unresistingly out of the way of dogs and passers-by, to a place where it might die in solitude, or recover in safety. He often told his Oxford hearers that he would rather they learned to love birds than to shoot them; and his wood and now were harbors of refuge for hunted game or "vermin," and his windows the rendezvous of the little birds.—*Collingwood's Life and Work of John Ruskin.*

Rev. W. C. Selleck, pastor of the First Universalist Church of Denver, recently called at our office for humane literature. The Rosebud Band of Mercy, organized in his church a few months ago, will work for funds to establish a public fountain for horses and dogs, Denver being lamentably deficient in this matter.

CRUELTY IN THE CANARIES.

A BOSTON MAN'S LETTER FROM TENERIFE.

SANTA CRUZ, April, 1893.

There are very few humanitarians in these islands, or any other Spanish colonies, and few enough in Spain. In this place the torture of all kinds of animals is sickening to behold, and robs me of half the enjoyment of living here. Wherever there is a crowd assembled, laughing and shouting, one can be certain there is cruelty being practised on some poor animal. The cruelty to horses and cows is shocking.

It is generally thought that the owner, for the sake of his own interest, would not allow an animal of value to be ill treated, but through ignorance and custom animals are abused to death here by their owners. Several years ago a dairy was started on the premises adjoining my own. The cows were pure Jerseys, imported at a considerable cost, and a large sum was expended on the dairy. The milk was to be sold direct from the cow solely to invalids at about three times the price of country milk. At once the demand was far beyond the supply. The cows were in charge of brutal peons, who often neglected to give them water. Sometimes the poor creatures had none given them for twenty-four hours, and during hot weather too. In their agony they broke down from their stalls, and then were stoned and clubbed back again. I called the owner's attention to this neglect and abuse, telling him that his cows were being struck and kicked continually, frightened and wounded. Under this wicked treatment, and with but a scant supply of dirty water, they stopped giving milk. Several of them died. The owner declared the business unprofitable, sold off his cows, and so the dairy was a failure. The singular feature of it was that when the poor creatures died the man bemoaned his "ill luck" in the midst of his peons, who were always "very sorry for the animal"—after its death.

Cruelty is not on the decrease here, but rather increasing by strides. Within three years two bull-rings have been built here. Two or three murders generally follow a bull-fight, people making savage onslaughts on each other for the most trifling cause.

How many Americans visit bull-fighting countries without attending one or more of their infernal spectacles, "just to see if what is said about them is true"? Does it never occur to these inquisitive travellers what moral effect might come from their refusal to countenance a single one by their presence?

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says: The human race is divided into two classes: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"

NORFOLK, VA.

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge our election as an honorary member of the Norfolk S. P. C. A., and our earnest hope for its great usefulness.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE FARMER'S FRIEND AND OLD DR. BEECHER.

The hop growers of Otsego county have discovered what naturalists have long been trying to make farmers understand—that skunks, instead of being their enemies, as they formerly supposed, are among their most useful friends. As one hop grower expressed it, "Nowadays we protect skunks as carefully as we do song-birds."

Hop yards, it appears, are infested by a certain kind of grub which gnaws off the tender vines at the root, and this grub is the favorite food of the skunk.

As a general thing the skunks sally forth at nightfall, but now and then they are to be seen at work in broad daylight. The proceeding is an interesting one to watch.

The skunk begins his quest on the edge of the yard, where he cocks his head over a hill of hops and listens. If a grub is at work upon one of the four trailing vines, his quick ear is sure to hear it. At once he begins to paw up the earth, and presently he is seen to uncover the grub and swallow it with unmistakable relish.

Then he listens again, and if he hears nothing proceeds to the next hill. And so he goes on till he has had his fill.

Now that the skunks are no longer molested, they have become comparatively fearless. Sometimes, we are told, they keep up their operations even while the cultivator is driven between the rows.—*Cor. New York Tribune.*

Our readers will remember the story about old Dr. Beecher, the father of Henry Ward, who, when asked why he did not reply to a newspaper attack, said that when a young man, while crossing a field with an armful of books one evening, he met a small animal, and after hurling several volumes at it, found he got the worst of it, and concluded thereafter to let such animals alone. Skunks are, doubtless, very useful in their place, but it don't pay to throw things at them.

THE AIR-GUN.

Armed with this means of destruction the child becomes an active element of danger to every one in his neighborhood.

Many accidents have happened, many cases of eyes partially or wholly destroyed have been reported.

Besides, it is a dangerous education.

To kill for the mere sake of killing, to wound and inflict a lingering, agonizing death on any creature, will make a boy hard, cruel, and unfeeling.

The criminals of the future will grow from such education.

Give your boy an opera-glass and send him into the woods to learn the patience, ingenuity, and industry of birds. Let him learn to distinguish the song of one bird from that of another. Teach him to feed the birds and spare their nests, and tell him of their value to agriculture. All such study will bring happiness into his life.

HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.

He was a young lawyer and was delivering his maiden speech. He was florid, rhetorical, scattering, and tedious. For two weary hours he talked at the court and jury until everybody felt like lynching him. When he got through, his opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge and said, "Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." He then sat down, and the young lawyer felt as though cold water was coming down his back.

Women who don't fancy work do fancy work.

SCHOOL.

The bees are in the meadow,
And the swallows in the sky;
The cattle in the shadow
Watch the river running by;
The wheat is hardly stirring,
The heavy ox-team lags;
The dragon fly is whirling
Through the yellow-blossomed flags.
And down beside the river,
Where the trees lean o'er the pool,
Where the shadows reach and quiver,
A boy has come to school.
His teachers are the swallows,
And the river, and the trees;
His lessons are the shallows,
And the flowers, and the bees.

He knows not he is learning;
He thinks nor writes a word,
But in the soul discerning
A loving spring is stirred.

In after years—oh, weary years!—
The river's lesson he
Will try to speak to heedless ears
In faltering minstrelsy!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE YELLOW KITTEN.

HOW A TRUSTING YOUNG CAT SAVED A DESPAIRING PAINTER FROM SUICIDE.

In the atelier of a certain French painter there seems to be a congress of yellow cats, or rather the same cat in portraits innumerable. A pair of him crown, like an armorial bearing, the doorway; he plays with falling petals of tea roses; he sleeps while a sparrow eyes him askance; he sits, grave as a sphinx; even a procession of him forms the frieze of the chimney piece, and he peeps between purple and golden panes on the Sevres tea service in the corner consecrated to madame.

Eight years ago Maurice Lenoir dwelt in a garret, earning his bread by copying pictures, nourishing his soul with dreams of a great classic canvas of his own. Needless to recount the disillusion, privations, rebuffs, or the nervous reactions of the days when he received a few francs. The unrelieved pressure of poverty, the unremitting blows of ill luck—tap, tap, like a paver's mallet—became unbearable. The thin blood of semi-starvation mounted to his head, creating visions of suicide.

One evening he bought poison. Re-entering his room something brushed past his feet. He lighted a candle and began to write a few lines, merely to save trouble at the inquest. Suddenly there sprang upon the table a little yellow kitten. It rubbed caressingly against his face. Evidently a waif—one of the surplus ninefold lives of nobody's cat. It was thin and famished, its wet fur frayed by the jaws of some dog.

"One may be tired of life," said Maurice, "but one does not leave a guest hungry!"

With bread and milk, all he had, he fed the kitten, then warmed it within the breast of his coat, where it caressed with its tongue the hand that held it, then purred itself to sleep.

Maurice reflected: "Suicide is the refuge of one who has no longer hopes, ties of affection, or responsibilities. In receiving this kitten, I have assumed a duty. To place this little creature for warmth upon my heart and then turn that warmth to ice would be a betrayal. At least I will live until to-morrow."

In the morning the little cat appeared so pretty Maurice painted and was able to sell its portrait. Another was ordered, and another.

M. Lenoir's pussies became the fashion. He deferred his dream of a classic canvas and painted only cats in all postures and colors—yellow, black, white, gray, and tabby. He studied cats; he divined under their mask of drowsiness or caprice the subtle charm and wisdom adored in old Egypt.

The yellow kitten that saved his life also made his fortune. And M. Lenoir proved not ungrateful; the yellow cat, now patriarch of a tribe, has his cushion and his cup in the atelier, and wears a golden collar inscribed "To my benefactor."

ELIZABETH CAVAZZA.

Helen Keller was entertaining one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, who called to pay his respects on the occasion of the reception given her by Mrs. Graham Bell the other evening.

Helen asked the justice: "Do you know my friend, Judge Holmes?"

"No, dear, he lives in Boston." To which she replied, smilingly: "No? I thought you knew him, because you see you are brothers-in-law." The justice took in the bon mot and laughed heartily.—*Washington Evening Star.*

THE BOY IS FATHER OF THE MAN.

It is recalled of the recently executed New Hampshire murderer that, when a lad, he, without provocation, cruelly shot down in cold blood a fine shepherd dog belonging to his uncle's neighbor.

The owner was with the dog at the time, and his faithful companion fell dead at his feet. When the naturally incensed and astounded man called the youthful assassin to an account, the future murderer of a pure and defenceless girl coolly faced him and remarked, while still firmly grasping his smoking weapon,—

"I've another bullet in there that might do the same for you."

Pretty cool that for a boy hardly in his teens.

As the twig is bent so grows the tree. That cruel, bloodthirsty instinct, so fostered by the boy, who found delight even in the chase and shooting of innocent sheep on the Vermont hills, came naturally to its fruition in cold-blooded, foul, and brutal murder.—*Exchange.*

Possibly a Band of Mercy training would have saved the boy. Who can say that it would not?

A MONEY-MAKING HORSE.

An old firm, well known to Boston housekeepers, furnishes the following account current with its faithful horse:—

Dr.	Cr.
Cost of horse, . . . \$300	Average daily delivery of 50 packages at 15c. each for 17 years, . . . \$38,250
4 Concord wagons, \$25, 1,100	
4 sets harness, . . . 300	
Board 17 years, . . . 5,100	
Driver for 17 years, 10,200	
Shoeing, 17 years, . . 450	
\$18,450	\$18,450

In favor of horse, \$19,800
This is saying nothing of the Sunday driving, and is a low rather than a high estimate.

A NOTABLE PIG.

"As stupid as a pig!" I heard a little boy say the other day. He was wrong. Pigs are very intelligent. Here is a story that a lady told me of her pet pig:—

"We had a little black and white pig which the children had taken from its mother quite young and 'brought up by hand,' as we say. It was very tame, and would follow the children like a cat or a dog. It was fond of slipping into the sitting room and lying on the rug in front of the fireplace. I kept a willow switch standing in the corner by the fire, with which I switched piggy quite smartly whenever I found him on the rug. One day I saw him enter the room and trot towards the rug, but before lying down he looked in the corner where the switch was kept, and seeing it in its usual place, began to squeal at the top of his little voice, and turned and ran swiftly from the room. I removed the switch from its place, and the next time piggy entered I watched to see what he would do. He looked in the corner as before, and seeing no switch there, lay down upon the rug with a contented grunt, and shut his eyes for a comfortable nap.

"He knew where the corn was kept for his food, and when hungry, if he found his trough empty, he would catch one of the boys by fastening his teeth into his trousers' leg and pull him toward the corn bin; nor could he be persuaded to loosen his hold until his trough was properly filled."

ELLA B. GITTINGS.

People are not always well informed concerning the usefulness of the toad. If he does not carry a jewel in his head he is quite as valuable as if he did, for he does a work no gardener can do in clearing a garden of its insect pests. Many a gardener builds this little gnome small dwellings of bits of stone in the nooks of his flower-beds, and cherishes him as a valuable assistant, destroying larvae, worms, and flies as he does with neatness and despatch. A very remote cousin of the garden toad, commonly called the tree-toad, is really a frog; he looks so much like the old bark and lichens on the trees he frequents that it is difficult to discover him. The song with which he helps the cricket break the peace of summer nights is apt to be a true prophecy of rain.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—*O. W. Holmes.*

CANINE MORALS AND MANNERS.

Most of our dumb companions and helpers have become modified by changing circumstances since the partnership began, even more than ourselves, and have become partakers with us of the advantages and disadvantages of our civilization. This is especially so in the case of the dog, man's closest associate and earliest ally.

Probably the partnership first began through small, helpless whelps being brought home by the early hunters, and being cared for and brought up by the women and children. The young dog would form one of the family, and would unconsciously regard himself as such. It would soon be found that his hunting instinct was of use to his captors, for while wandering abroad with them his keen nose would detect the presence of hidden game when the eyes of his savage masters failed to perceive it. The dog in his turn would find an easier living and a better shelter while associated with man than if he were hunting on his own account, and thus the compact would be cemented by mutual benefits.

The great naturalist Cuvier observed that all animals that readily enter into domestication consider man as a member of their own society, and thus fulfil their instinct of association. The probable view of the fox-terrier or the dachshund which lies upon our hearth-rug, therefore, is that he is one of a pack, the other members of which are the human inhabitants of the house. It has been said that a man stands to his dog in the position of a god; but when we consider that our own conceptions of Deity lead us to the general idea of an enormously powerful and omniscient *Man*, who loves, hates, desires, rewards, and punishes, in human-like fashion, it involves no strain of imagination to conceive that from the dog's point of view his master is an elongated and abnormally cunning dog; of different shape and manners certainly to the common run of dogs, yet canine in his essential nature. Few dogs, when gnawing a bone, will allow even their masters to approach without showing signs of displeasure and a fear of being dispossessed of their property, only consistent with the idea that the bipedal "dog" wants to gnaw the bone himself.

Every one has noticed the elaborate preliminaries which go before a canine battle. Teeth are ostentatiously displayed, the animals walk on tiptoe round one another, and erect the hair on their backs as if each wished to give the impression that he was a very large and formidable dog, and one not to be encountered with impunity. Frequently hostilities go no farther than this, and one turns and retires with a great show of dignity, but plainly with no wish to fight. When we come to analyze these proceedings, it will be seen that the ends of battle are often gained by this diplomatic exhibition of warlike preparations.

Few animals excel the dog in the power of expressing emotion. This power is a sure sign of an animal which is habitually in communication with its fellows for certain common ends. Although, probably, long association with and selection by man have accentuated this faculty, a considerable share of it was undoubtedly there from the beginning, and was of service long before the first dog was domesticated. There are many reasons for the tail being the chief organ of expression among dogs. They have but little facial expression beyond the lifting of the lip to show the teeth and the dilatation of the pupil when angry. The jaws and contiguous parts are too much specialized for the serious purpose of seizing prey to be fitted for such purposes as they are in man. There is no doubt that hounds habitually watch the tails of those in front of them when drawing a covert. If a faint drag is detected the tail of the finder is at once set in motion, and the warmer the scent the quicker does it wag. Others seeing the signal instantly join, and there is an assemblage of waving tails before the least whimper is heard. When the pack is at full cry upon a strong scent the tails cease to wave, but are carried aloft in full view.

The whole question of tail-wagging is a very interesting one. All dogs wag their tails when pleased, and the movement is generally understood by their human associates as an intimation that they are very happy. The chief delight of wild dogs, as with modern hounds and sporting dogs, is in the chase and its accompanying excitement and consequences. When the presence of game is first detected is invariably the time when tails are wagged for the common good. The wagging is an almost invariable accompaniment of this form of pleasure, which is one of the chiefest among the agreeable emotions when in the wild state. Owing to some insolation of the nervous mechanism, which at present we cannot

unravel, the association of pleasure and wagging has become so inseparable that the movement of the tail follows the emotion, whatever may call it forth.

An explanation of a similar kind can be found for the fact that dogs depress their tails when threatened or scolded. When running away the tail would be the part nearest the pursuer, and therefore most likely to be seized. It was therefore securely tucked away between the hind legs. The act of running away is naturally closely associated with the emotion of fear, and therefore this gesture of putting the tail between the legs becomes an invariable concomitant of retreat or submission in the presence of superior force.—LOUIS ROBINSON, in *Contemporary Review* (abridged).

A GOPHER MOTHER.

SHE GAVE UP HER LIFE TO SAVE HER YOUNG.

A Western product, the gopher, is a species of ground-squirrel; his coat, more gray in shade than the lively little chipmunk of our Northern forests, is correspondingly striped with black and white along its back. The eyes, as with all burrowing quadrupeds, are small, the lids thin almost to transparency; but the jaw formation is very peculiar. Partitioned from the mouth on either side is a membranous sac, into which he deposits the excavated earth when boring. These pockets filled, the gopher turns around and darts back to the entrance to the hole, and, cocking his ear, listens. Assured that no enemy is nigh, the wary little rodent lifts his head straight in the air, and with a sharp whiff and a whirl of his body, empties these pockets, the dust-cloud settling in a granulated circle around the hole, rising, according to the gopher's industry, from eight to fourteen inches. This singular convenience for carrying away the bored earth renders the gopher the most troublesome small animal the Western farmer has to contend against. He is a great nuisance, being particularly destructive to cereals, and often doing serious damage to the crops, as I experienced last year on my Dakota farm.

Quite a little distance from my house is a fertile oak opening in which I planted a large field with corn, and being occupied with other matters I neglected to look after it until late in June. What was my surprise and vexation upon going with my hired man to the opening to find not a spear of corn visible, and the entire field literally honeycombed with gopher burrows!

"Peter, this must be attended to," I said. "What shall be done?"

"There is but one way to get rid of them," he answered. "Drown them out."

"That seems cruel."

"It's a great job," he said, "but you have got it to do, and replant, or you won't get even fodder off from it, and it is the best soil on the place."

So one morning we set about the extermination of the troublesome pests. Loading a stoneboat with barrels of water, the oxen drew it to the opening, where with the buckets we began deluging a spot where the burrows were thickest. We had scarcely emptied a barrel when an old mother gopher poked her head out of the water, with a gasp. For a second the frightened animal swayed her head from side to side, then with a turn that splattered the water about, she threw up her heels and dived into the hole. Shortly after she reappeared, with a young gopher a day old in her mouth. Struggling toward me, she dropped her blind burden at my feet and lifted her eyes to mine beseechingly. In their helpless expression there was something very appealing. Only a moment did the half-drowned creature regard me. She then turned, and again dived down into the burrow to shortly return with a second baby gopher. This she laid by the first, and, as before, the brave little mother lifted her imploring eyes to mine, this time swaying her head and giving out an entreating whine. Then she nosed together the little gophers, and dragged herself, weak and halting, back to the rescue of the remainder of her young.

Interested, I stood anxiously awaiting her return. The water quivered.

"There, she is coming," I said. Then a little claw reached up and feebly grabbed at the rim of the hole. "She is there; she will be up directly." But the little claw slid from the wet earth, and with one last frantic clutch in the air sank out of sight.

Again the water stirred, broke into bubbles. "Come on, brave little mother," I cried, "you deserve to live with all your family." But no, the water grew smooth; the gopher came not again. The poor little mother had been drowned in her brave effort to save her young. Could a human mother do more?

There was something so pathetic in this insignificant animal's sacrifice of life to the maternal

instinct that I had no heart to further prosecute the extermination of the colony. "Peter," I called to the man, "let the gophers have the field; we will do no more drowning."—Gorham Silva, in *Harper's Young People*.

In "*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*" we find the following:—

Some interesting observations relating to the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently brought by M. Fabio before the Physical Society of Geneva. The author quotes the case of the snipe, which he had often observed engaged in repairing damages. With its beak and feathers it makes a very creditable dressing, applying plasters to the bleeding wounds, and even securing a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. On one occasion he killed a snipe which had on its chest a large dressing composed of down, taken from other parts of the body and securely fixed to the wound by the coagulated blood. Twice he had brought home snipe with interwoven feathers strapped on to the side of fractures of one or other limb. The most interesting example was that of a snipe, both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He recovered the animal only on the following day, and he then found that the poor bird had contrived to apply dressings and a sort of splint to both limbs. In carrying out this operation some feathers had become entangled around the beak, and not being able to use its claws to get rid of them, it was almost dead from hunger when discovered. In a case recorded by M. Magner, a snipe which was observed to fly away with a broken leg was subsequently found to have forced the fragments into a parallel position, the upper fragments reaching to the knee, and secured them there by means of a strong band of feathers and moss intermingled. The observers were particularly struck by the application of a ligature of a kind of flat-leaved grass round the limb, of a spiral form, and fixed by means of a sort of glue.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

Abraham Lincoln and Edward Everett spoke at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863. The place, the occasion, the audience, the associations were in the highest degree inspiring. Everett was an orator of deserved renown, with copious and glittering vocabulary, graceful rhetoric, strong, cultivated mind, elegant scholarship, a rich, flexible voice, and a noble presence. His address occupied two hours in delivery, and was worthy of the speaker and his theme. At its close, Lincoln rose slowly on the platform of the pavilion. From an ancient case he drew a pair of steel-framed spectacles, with bows clasping upon the temples in front of the ears, and adjusted them with deliberation. He took from his breast pocket a few sheets of foolscap, which he unfolded and held in both hands. From this manuscript, in low tones, without modulation or emphasis, he read 266 words, and sat down before his surprised, perplexed, and disappointed auditors were aware that he had really begun. It left no impression, so it was said, except mild consternation and a modified sense of failure. None supposed that one of the great orations of the world had been pronounced in the five minutes which Mr. Lincoln occupied in reading his remarks. But the studied, elaborate, and formal speech of Everett has been forgotten, while the few sonorous and solemn sentences of Lincoln will remain so long as constitutional liberty abides among men. Henceforth, whoever recalls the story of the battle of Gettysburg, when the fate of freedom and the Union hung trembling upon that awful verge, will hear, above the thunder of its reverberating guns, above the exulting shouts of the victors and the despairing cries of the vanquished, the prophetic monotone of that immortal refrain:—

"That government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."—EX-SENATOR JOHN J. INGALLS, in *Boston Herald*.

A TRUE STATEMENT.

There are youths whose busy hands through the working day earn honest bread, and perhaps support others, and whose evening hours are devoted to study that will make them men among men some future day. There are students whose summer labors procure the money that supports them in the winter study at college. There are lads now running the errands of capable engineers, who will, when men, be chief engineers themselves. There are bright "cash boys" hurrying to and fro in stores who will one day control large interests of their own and of others. They have no sunshine to speak of, but they make hay for all that. There are lads about the newspaper offices and the great printing-houses who have neither money nor friends nor position; but they have brains and they have ambition, and the day will come when their convictions will shape the course of multitudes.—*Church Union*.

"Now, supposing I borrowed \$5 from you; that would represent capital, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"But, supposing, after a while, you wanted to get it back?"

"That would represent labor."—*Life*.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- | | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|--|
| 15655 Detroit, Mich.
Little Deeds of Kindness Bd.
P. Alice Nash. | 15696 Buttercup Band.
P. Miss Cooper. | 15751 Wide Awake Band.
P. Miss Miller. | 15805 Never Fail Band.
P. D. A. Quiggle. | 15893 Hope Band.
P. Lillabelle Dodge. |
| 15656 Grand Rapids, Mich.
Endeavor Band.
P. Abbie M. Bush. | 15697 Violet Band.
P. Miss Barron. | 15752 Willing Workers Band.
P. Mrs. Davidson. | 15806 Willing Workers Band.
P. J. Bellows. | 15894 Busy Workers Band.
P. E. Belle Cooper. |
| 15657 Atkinson, Neb.
Atkinson Band.
P. Mrs. L. H. Blackburn. | 15698 Sunbeam Band.
P. Miss Flynn. | 15753 Pansy Band.
P. Miss Alexander. | 15807 Helping Hand Band.
P. M. Barr. | 15895 Sunshine Band.
P. Fannie V. Cons. |
| 15658 Washington, D. C.
Washington Band.
P. Miss Lyman. | 15699 Goldenrod Band.
P. Miss Gardiner. | 15754 Daisy Band.
P. Miss Stimkuhl. | 15808 Wide Awake Band.
P. Lucy Holtzclaw. | 15896 Golden Rule Band.
P. M. L. Rhoades. |
| 15659 Columbus, Ga.
Riverside Band.
P. Mrs. L. C. Austin. | 15700 Helping Hand Band.
P. Miss Reilly. | 15755 Merrill School.
Violet Band. | 15809 Busy Workers Band.
P. T. M. Hayes. | 15897 Violet Band.
P. Agnes McIntyre. |
| 15660 Franklin, N. Y.
Oulemt Valley Band.
P. Miss Eliza Rutherford. | 15701 Wide Awake Band.
P. Miss Zehring. | 15756 Rose Band.
P. Miss L. A. Foley. | 15810 Sunbeam Band.
P. Julia Williams. | 15898 Daisy Band.
P. Minnie Webb. |
| 15661 W. Barnstable, Mass.
Sunbeam Band.
P. E. M. Barney. | 15702 Leath School.
Longfellow Band. | 15757 Tulip Band.
P. Miss Gallagher. | 15811 Star Band.
P. Clara Wood. | 15899 Rose Band.
P. Mollie Mitchell. |
| 15662 Providence, R. I.
Columbia Band.
P. Emily J. Rothwell. | 15703 Whittier Band.
P. Miss E. B. Browne. | 15758 Snowball Band.
P. Miss Shallen. | 15812 Hope Band.
P. A. J. Harmon. | 15900 Excelsior Band.
P. W. H. Singleton. |
| 15663 Southland, Ark.
Southland College.
Excelsior Band. | 15704 Goldenrod Band.
P. Miss Banks. | 15759 Pansy Band.
P. Mrs. Tigbe. | 15813 Sunshine Band.
P. Belle Vesson. | 15901 Golden Rule Band.
P. F. M. Kennedy. |
| 15664 Golden Rule Band.
P. Herbert Charles. | 15705 Magnolia Band.
P. Miss Moffett. | 15760 Daisy Band.
P. Miss Bill. | 15814 Lily Band.
P. M. L. Lowe. | 15902 Lily Band.
P. Ida Bannister. |
| 15665 I'll Try Band.
P. Mrs. L. Castor. | 15706 Violet Band.
P. Mrs. Harris. | 15761 Wide Awake Band.
P. Miss Evans. | 15815 Rose Band.
P. Alice Johnson. | 15903 Violet Band.
P. L. M. Carson. |
| 15666 Busy Workers Band.
P. Miss M. A. Boyce. | 15707 Lily Band.
P. Miss Spicers. | 15762 Sunshine Band.
P. Miss Crockett. | 15816 Tulip Band.
P. Nellie Weer. | 15904 Rose Band.
P. Carrie Bannister. |
| 15667 Never Fail Band.
P. Chandler Paschal. | 15708 Tuberosa Band.
P. Miss Ricketts. | 15763 Pope School.
Longfellow Band. | 15817 Violet Band.
P. Mary McDermott. | 15905 Excelsior Band.
P. S. L. Grant. |
| 15668 Sunbeam Band.
P. Mrs. Russell. | 15709 Pansy Band.
P. Miss Cooper. | 15764 Goldsmith Band.
P. Mrs. Nevils. | 15818 Forget-me-not Band.
P. E. Johnson. | 15906 Verbena Band.
P. H. B. Lewis. |
| 15669 Hope Band.
P. Mrs. A. Charles. | 15710 Daisy Band.
P. Miss E. Rogers. | 15765 Whittier Band.
P. Miss Richardson. | 15819 Pansy Band.
P. Gertrude Barn. | 15907 Tulip Band.
P. Jno. C. Wallace. |
| 15670 Presbyterian Mission S. S.
Lily Band.
P. Benjamin W. Knox. | 15711 Little Workers Band.
P. Miss F. Rogers. | 15766 Forget-me-not Band.
P. Miss Bamberger. | 15820 Daisy Band.
P. Florence Peabody. | 15908 Forget-me-not Band.
P. C. L. Coleman. |
| 15671 Rose Band.
P. Mrs. H. K. Knox. | 15712 Busy Bee Band.
P. Miss Trozevant. | 15767 Magnolia Band.
P. Miss Ryan. | 15821 G. T. Angell Band.
P. Willard Cautkins. | 15909 Mayflower Band.
P. Ella Froil. |
| 15672 Ironwood, Mich.
Star Band.
P. Ethel Williams. | 15713 Roschud Band.
P. Miss Edmondsee. | 15768 Violet Band.
P. Miss Munsarrat. | 15822 Longfellow Band.
P. J. L. Cortner. | 15910 Magnolia Band.
P. Lizzie Washington. |
| 15673 McCune, Kansas.
Rose Band.
P. Edith Perrine. | 15714 Folkes School.
Washington Band. | 15769 Rose Band.
P. Miss Shepherd. | 15823 Whittier Band.
P. G. A. Wagner. | 15911 Hyacinth Band.
P. E. Redding. |
| 15674 Russia, N. Y.
Russia Band.
P. Edith Barnes. | 15715 Lincoln Band.
P. Mrs. Mary McKain. | 15770 Pansy Band.
P. Miss McCauliff. | 15824 Audubon Band.
P. C. E. Carpenter. | 15912 Buttercup Band.
P. A. E. Durroh. |
| 15675 Franklin, Tenn.
S. P. C. to Animals Band.
P. Gantier Johnston. | 15716 Garfield Band.
P. Miss Jackson. | 15771 Kortrecht School.
Golden Rule Band. | 15825 Goldsmith Band.
P. C. E. Brading. | 15913 Snowball Band.
P. E. E. Comer. |
| 15676 Dakota, Minn.
Dakota Band.
P. Effie Clow. | 15717 I'll Try Band.
P. Mrs. Paye. | 15772 Washington Band.
P. E. L. Homesty. | 15826 Thoreau Band.
P. C. C. Lukens. | 15914 Touch-me-not Band.
P. Mary Harris. |
| 15677 Sidney, N. Y.
Cherry Band.
P. Walter Burnside. | 15718 Never Fail Band.
P. Miss Barnes. | 15773 Lincoln Band.
P. I. J. Graham. | 15827 Geo. Washington Band.
P. Flora Carpenter. | 15915 Wide Awake Band.
P. Carrie Smith. |
| 15678 St. Andrews Bay, Fla.
Billy Goat Band.
P. Geo. Rutzein. | 15719 Busy Workers Band.
P. Miss Weber. | 15774 Mocking Bird Band.
P. Miss Dickinson. | 15828 Magnolia Band.
P. Kate Gregg. | 15916 I'll Try Band.
P. Louise Morford. |
| 15679 Sidney, N. Y.
Hope Band.
P. Grace Hubbard. | 15720 Hope Band.
P. Miss Crenshaw. | 15775 Oriole Band.
P. Miss Driver. | 15829 Violet Band.
P. M. E. Cope. | 15917 Hope Band.
P. W. E. Wetherby. |
| 15680 Lester Shire, N. Y.
Columbia Protective Band.
P. Brainerd Lusk. | 15721 Star Band.
P. Miss Piaggio. | 15776 Lark Band.
P. Miss Coo. | 15830 Touch-me-not Band.
P. A. E. Fuller. | 15918 Star Band.
P. Maggie Bachman. |
| 15681 Brightwood, Mass.
Black Beauty Band.
P. Mrs. F. P. Ware. | 15722 Pansy Band.
P. Miss Schloss. | 15777 Canary Band.
P. Miss Stephenson. | 15831 Snowball Band.
P. B. C. Ford. | 15919 Sunbeam Band.
P. G. L. Robertson. |
| 15682 Charlestown, Mass.
Junior League Band.
P. Mrs. Grace Snow. | 15723 Daisy Band.
P. Miss Rice. | 15778 Robin Band.
P. Miss Sneed. | 15832 Lilac Band.
P. M. Andrews. | 15920 Helping Hand Band.
P. L. Doster. |
| 15683 S. Ashburnham, Mass.
Willing Workers Band.
P. Mabel Duane. | 15724 Market St. School.
I'll Try Band. | 15779 Dove Band.
P. Miss Key. | 15833 Geranium Band.
P. E. L. Dickinson. | 15921 Menophis, Tenn.
Le Moyne Inst. |
| 15684 Sherwood, Ohio.
Sherwood Band.
P. Mrs. S. M. Haver. | 15725 Never Fail Band.
P. Miss A. C. Rendelhuber. | 15780 Bluebird Band.
P. Miss Woodson. | 15834 Pink Band.
P. E. M. Hunter. | 15922 Washington Band.
P. A. J. Steele. |
| 15685 Chapman, Kansas.
Chapman Band.
P. Mrs. M. E. Yerkes. | 15726 Willing Workers Band.
P. Miss L. I. Kennedy. | 15781 Star Band.
P. Miss Hall. | 15835 Rose Band.
P. B. Lindsey. | 15923 Lincoln Band.
P. C. S. Goldsmith. |
| 15686 Detroit, Mich.
Sibley Band.
P. Emma K. Rotsford. | 15727 Helping Hand Band.
P. Mrs. M. H. Reilly. | 15782 Grant School.
Golden Rule Band. | 15836 Hyacinth Band.
P. Helen Gambee. | 15924 Garfield Band.
P. Emma N. Goldsmith. |
| 15687 Montevideo, Minn.
Montevideo Band.
P. Mr. C. Maxwell. | 15728 Wide Awake Band.
P. Miss M. E. Summers. | 15783 I'll Try Band.
P. L. H. Fields. | 15837 Buttercup Band.
P. Grace Peake. | 15925 I'll Try Band.
P. Alice Bostic. |
| 15688 Syracuse, N. Y.
Sunshine Band.
P. Mrs. A. E. Oberlander. | 15729 Busy Workers Band.
P. Miss M. L. Foley. | 15784 Willing Workers Band.
P. F. P. Hodges. | 15838 Pansy Band.
P. Nellie Cook. | 15926 Sunbeam Band.
P. Geo. Washington Band. |
| 15689 Stoneham, Mass.
No. 1 Stoneham Band.
P. F. A. Richardson. | 15730 Sunbeam Band.
P. Mrs. T. P. Monroe. | 15785 Helping Hand Band.
P. Kate E. Brown. | 15839 Geo. Washington Band.
P. J. A. Henry. | 15927 Wide Awake Band.
P. Jennie M. Herrington. |
| 15690 S. Manchester, Conn.
L. T. L. Band.
P. Annie E. Minikin. | 15731 Sunshine Band.
P. Miss Douglass. | 15786 Never Fail Band.
P. Kate Meriwether. | 15840 Lincoln Band.
P. J. F. Jackson. | 15928 Luther School.
Golden Rule Band. |
| 15691 Denver, Colo.
Roschud Band.
P. Miss Lida Covert. | 15732 Star Band.
P. Miss Dillon. | 15787 Star Band.
P. Sarah E. Martin. | 15841 Geranium Band.
P. M. B. Jackson. | 15929 Gustave Eifrig.
Higbee School. |
| 15692 Memphis, Tenn.
Peabody School. Lily Band.
P. Miss Alice Conway. | 15733 Excelsior Band.
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P. F. M. Day. | 15930 Lily Band.
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P. W. G. Behm. | 15948 Pansy Band.
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| | | | 15862 Star Band.
P. Florence Herndon. | |

A MURDER IN A LANE.

Last Thursday was a lovely summer evening. All nature seemed rejoicing in the cool breeze; the long shadows cast by the tall, shady elms and straggling hedges across the grass-bordered lane were very refreshing. As we sauntered along, a dear little fat, puffy-breasted thrush attracted our attention. He did look so happy, and chirped so confidently, and looked at us with his bright eyes as much as to say, "You nice, funny-looking creatures, I know you like me. I like you?" It was a joy to see the little thing hopping about so merrily, and rejoicing in its young life, and just beginning to practise its happy songs.

Well, on Friday evening, which was just such another lovely one as Thursday, we passed down the lane again, and wondered if we should see the little thrush again. Ay, we did. But how? No longer a "happy, living thing," but lying low in the dust, its eyes closed in death. Some one had wrung its neck! But who or why we could not tell. Surely it was some one who, out of wanton cruelty, had destroyed that joyous little life, and made one less sweet strain of melody in a world where there are so many discordant and sorrowful sounds. Was it wrong to hope, with fervent hearts, that the cruel doer of the murder in the lane might be brought to know by some prompt experience what a cruel deed his had been? Yes, I think that wish may be wrong in itself, and its realization could do the thrush no good. So I think we will wish that the doer of the crime—for crime it was—may become acquainted with some member of the Band of Mercy, who will teach him how to regard God's little feathered singers, and, indeed, all the lower creatures of His hand, as he ought to do; and then he will repent of his cruelty to that poor little thrush, and perhaps be the cause of saving the lives of many others. I must own I do like to think cruel people suffer some of the pain they inflict upon helpless creatures; but, in the end, I know that the best cure for cruelty, and the only radical one, is a changed character, let it be won how it may.—*Animal World.*

THE HALO.

("One London dealer in birds received, when the fashion was at its height, a single consignment of thirty-two thousand dead humming-birds; and another received at one time thirty thousand aquatic birds and three hundred thousand pairs of wings.")

Think what a price to pay,
Faced so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unused,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'er-swung,—
Bared just for that!
Think of the others, too,
Others and mothers, too,
Bright-eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother groan floating in air,
Hear you no little moan,—birdlings' despair,
Somewhere, for that.
Caught 'mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world:
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled!
Women want that?
Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,—
Price of a hat!
Just for a jaunty brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet,—
Death: and for that!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

(A few years ago a gentleman wrote from Florida: "I met plenty of hunters with wagons loaded with bird plumes. The birds were killed at a season when they were rearing their young. On passing the rookeries where the hunters had been a few days previous the screams and calls of the starving young birds were pitiful to hear. Some were just fledged, while others were so young that they could make but little noise. But all must inevitably starve to death. I asked several of the hunters how many young birds were thus destroyed by their cruelty, and their estimate was two to four young birds for each bird they had secured. I cannot describe the horror it gave me to hear the pitiful screams of the dying little birds.")



A RARE JUNE DAY AT ANNISQUAM POINT.

From the "Engraver and Printer," a Monthly Magazine of Progress in Illustration, 84 Summer Street, Boston.

POLLY AND THE TRAMP.

"Yes, Polly is a pretty bird, and as bright as she is pretty," said Aunt Abbie to us children, who crowded about the cage to admire the bird's bright plumage and pert manners. "Did I ever tell you," she asked, "how Polly did me a good turn by frightening a tramp away?"

"No, Aunt Abbie," we all cried, and we gathered about her, anxious to lose no word of the story.

"Well, children," she began, "you know Uncle Daniel has lived with me for years. As he is old and feeble, he stays in the sitting-room and reads or sleeps most of the time. When he is wanted I go to the door and call rather loudly, for he is hard of hearing, 'Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, you are wanted.' Polly has heard these words so many times that she can repeat them as plainly as I can, and when anything unusual is going on she will scream, 'Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, you are wanted,' but I never imagined this habit of Polly's would be of any service to me.

"One morning last summer I was alone in the house, and while I was clearing off the breakfast table I heard a loud knock at the back door. I opened it, and there stood the dirtiest, roughest-looking tramp I ever saw. He asked me for something to eat, and before I had time to make him any reply he pushed past me, and, uninvited, took a seat at the table.

"I never refuse to feed a hungry person, so I brought out what food there was in the pantry and placed it on the table. Nearly all my eatables were down cellar, but I was afraid to leave the man alone to go after them, so I told him he was welcome to what was on the table. He glanced over the table disdaintfully, and demanded something better.

"I was afraid to go down into the cellar, thinking he would either follow me or rob the house in my absence, so I told him that that was the best I could do for him.

"He brought his fist down on the table with an angry oath, and demanded a good hot breakfast.

"I was thoroughly frightened, and had decided to run to the neighbors for help, when Polly, disturbed by the man's loud talk, came to the rescue by screaming, 'Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, you are wanted!'

"An open door hid her cage from the man's view, and he threw one startled glance in the direction of the voice, and rushed from the house, thinking, no doubt, it was a child's voice calling some man about the place to my aid.

"My fear vanished with the tramp, and I laughed heartily at his sudden flight. No man was ever changed more quickly from an insolent bully to a crestfallen coward than he was by Polly's words.

"I gave her an extra lunch that morning, and I shall always feel grateful to her for saving me from an unpleasant if not dangerous situation.—*Atlanta Journal.*

There is no prettier sight than that of two butterflies courting. The aerial flights and evolutions are a mere beginning—a sort of preliminary flirtation. The serious part of the business begins when the butterflies are at rest. The male, which is usually the more brilliantly colored of the two, takes up his position on a stone or the trunk of a tree, and expands his wings in the sunshine so as to show them to the greatest advantage. The lady, at first, after the manner of her sex, disdains to notice them, or to seem to notice them. Gradually, however, their charm prevails over her, she comes nearer and nearer, walks round and round her lover, loses her heart to him, hesitates, and is lost.

A BRAVE CHILD.

The circus was quite full, and the cage with the lions was wheeled forward so that everybody might see the child who had tamed the wild beasts. The door of the cage was opened, and a slim, graceful child walked in, dressed in showy finery, pale blue tights and spangles, with a little blue cap resting on flowing golden hair. A low, soft whistle from the baby mouth, and the beasts came slowly and submissively forward; they cringed at his feet, and licked the pretty little hands.

Obedient to voice and eye, first one lion danced and then the other, and then one sprang through a hoop the boy held up. The delighted spectators applauded; the wild beasts were used to the lights and the performances which had been going on for the last fortnight. The little child in the bright tights and tinsel had grown used to the animals; his danger was never thought of. "He is used to it," said one woman in the crowd; "it is his living."

"And a very fearful one," answered a man, "and I don't like to see such a fragile baby with such wild animals." A wild shriek! Was it part of the performance? "Larie, Larie," the child screamed, as the animals crouched down and glared on him ready to spring. "Larie, save me!"

Are the lions getting angry, that they gnash their teeth and sniff round the child, or has something gone wrong in the performance, for the child has a terrified look on his face? One of the wild brutes prepares to spring, while a low, deep growl breaks from the throat of the other one. The spectators hold their breath; women faint; not one man in the large assembly is brave enough to go forward to the child's assistance. The huge beast prepares to spring on the child, and there is dead silence, for a child's life is in peril. A flutter and a rush as a boy in a night-shirt springs into the cage. He had fair, flowing hair, like the other child. He whistles softly, and the lion listens, and lets him remove his claws from the child's neck. Is there to be a struggle between the two children and the lions? The younger child has fainted, and at last somebody removes him from the cage, with blood streaming from his neck. Softly the child in the night-shirt continues whistling, and he never removes his eyes from the wild beasts; he knows how dangerous it is to let his glance waver from them, and, if he shows any sign of fear, it will be his death. His hand trembles; the boy looks very ill; but, walking backward, at last he gets out of the cage and shuts the door. Then the frightened, silent crowd stand up, and press forward to take the boy.

"You brave child!" a woman cries, with tears in her eyes. "You brave boy," said a big, burly man; "you have more pluck than all of us put together."

The boy stood still, trembling from head to foot. "I brave? No; it is my twin-sister who is brave: because I am ill, she puts on my clothes and told father she would take my place, for we could not shut up the circus."

"Was it a girl?" many exclaimed. "Don't let her do it again!" "Is she hurt?" "How old is she?" Question after question was asked.

"Rosie is ten, and she shall never do it again!"

"Nor you either, my little man," interrupted somebody, "for such a cruel performance does not give pleasure, now we know how dangerous it is. So here," he said, addressing the crowd, "let us make a collection for brave little Rosie."

And in less than a quarter of an hour nearly £100 was given to the father, on condition that he would never allow the children's lives to be endangered again by any performance.—*Animal World.*

"TRYING TO HELP GOD."

Here is a charming little incident which illustrates the thoughtfulness of childhood—a quality we are apt very much to undervalue. A little girl seeing the servant throw the crumbs into the fire, said,—

"Don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows?"

"If God takes care of them," was the careless reply, "we need not trouble ourselves about them."

"But," said the little girl, "I had rather be like God, and help Him take care of the little birds, than scatter or waste the food that He gives us."

She carefully collected what was left of the crumbs and threw them out of the window. In a short time several little birds flew eagerly to the spot, and picked up the crumbs she had scattered. After this she every day collected the crumbs that fell around the table and threw them out of the window for the little birds; and during all the winter these little creatures came regularly after each meal to partake of the food thus provided for their support. This was her idea of "helping God."—*Selected.*

THEY WEAR VEILS.

The oddest things to be seen in the streets of Colorado Springs are horses decked with veils. We have grown accustomed to the jaunty little hats worn by many horses in our towns to protect them from the heat of the sun. We can even see an umbrella fastened over their heads without surprise, but a veil gives to the noble beast a dandyish look that is very droll. Some of these veils, belonging to fine saddles, are mere fringes of fine strips of leather that hang before the eyes; others are pieces of mosquito netting drawn tightly back and fastened like a lady's nose veil; but the most stylish and altogether effective are of netting drawn over a hoop which holds it away from the eyes, yet completely protects them. These exaggerated goggles give the gravest horse a waggish look. The veils are not worn for fashion's sake. They are indeed a stern necessity, and the comfort, if not even the life of the horse, demands it. Colorado, with all its great attractions, has one plague—the plague of flies. Flies of all sizes, from the least up to the enormous blue-bottle, are everywhere. Most parts of his body the horse can himself protect if not deprived of his tail, but his eyes he cannot, and these delicate organs are special objects of attack by the fly tribe. It is the least a man can do to provide a protecting veil for his most faithful servant.—*Our National Issue, Feb. 9th.*

SINGING TO THE HERD.

Some cowboys and cattlemen laughingly assured me that they only sing on watch to keep themselves awake; others say they sing, talk loud, or make a noise just to let the cattle know they are approaching, so as not to frighten and stampede them, but the greater number hold, as I myself had read and been led to believe, that the sound of the human voice, singing, talking, or calling out cheerfully, quiets and reassures the animals. However it may be, they all sing and talk or whistle to them, and among my most vivid and picture-like recollections is one of a certain night when an aching head and heavy heart held me awake, and slipping from the house in the little hours I went aimlessly across the level plain toward where a big herd was camped.

When within three or four hundred yards of the bunch I could see, under the white Texas moonlight, the dark mass of cattle and occasionally a silhouette, between me and the sky, of one of the guards on his pony, and in the intense loneliness of the plain's night the singing of the one boyish voice holding his untaught, unconscious way through "A Fountain Filled with Blood," and the whistling of his companion on a little harmonicon, "Sweet Home," as they came round past me in turn, were as lovely and touching sounds as I ever heard.—*Kansas City Times.*

Cases Reported at our Boston Offices in April.

Whole number dealt with, 279; animalstaken from work, 37; horses and other animals killed, 55.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in April.

Fines and witness' fees, \$206.76.

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Total, \$143.26.

Publications sold, \$169.38.

Total, \$1240.90.

By Treasurer, Bequest Mrs. Ann L. Baker, \$500; Bequest of David Simonds, \$2000; Bequest of Albert Phipps, \$1000.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society for April.

Mrs. Ellen M. Russell, \$10; Mrs. F. B. Greene, \$10; Dr. C. F. Folsom, \$10; Edmund Dwight, \$10; Mrs. W. H. Hall, \$10; Mrs. Alex. Moseley, \$10; Mrs. Caroline C. Earle, \$10; E. A. Goodnow, \$10; Mrs. Caroline A. Fuller, \$10; Mrs. E. Louise Beecher, \$5; N. Sumner Myrick, \$5; Mrs. A. E. Moulton, \$3.85; "Humanity Entertainment," Wilder, Minn., \$2.78; Dorothea Turner, \$2; Elizabeth M. Sharpe, \$1.

And from Sales of Black Beauty.

Hugo Monnig, \$20.50; C. M. Parker, \$5; G. M. Du Bois, \$5; G. H. Peglar, \$5; J. B. Lippincott Co., \$10; John Wanamaker, \$5; Hinkel & Blehn, \$20; M. A. Blehn, \$20; Eaton, Lyon & Co., \$27.50; Elizabeth M. Sharpe, \$5.

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